Hast. So prosper I, as I sweare perfect loue:
Ri. And I as I loue *Hastings* with my heart.
King. Maddam, your selfe is not exempt in this,
Nor your sonne *Dorset, Buckingham*, nor you,
You haue beene factious one against the other:
Wife, loue Lord *Hastings*, let him kisse your hand,
And what you doe, doe it vnfainedly.
Qu. Here *Hastings*, I will neuer more remember
Our former hatred, so thriue I and mine.
Dors. Thus enterchange of loue, I here protest,
Vpon my part shall be vnuiolable.
Hast. And so I swere my Lord.
King. Now princely *Buckingham* seale vp this league,
With thy embracement to my wiues allies,
And make me happy in this vnity.
Buck. When euer *Buckingham* doth turne his hate
On you, or yours, but with all dutious loue
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate, in those where I expect most loue,
When I haue most neede to imploy a friend,
And most assured that he is a freind,
Deepe, hollow trecherous, and full of guile
Be he vnto me: This doe I begge of God
When I am cold in zeale to you or yours.
King. A pleasing cordiall Princely *Buckingham*,
Is this thy vow vnto my sickly heart:
There wanteth now our brother *Glocester* here,
To make the perfect period of this peace.

Enter Glocester.

Buck. And in good time here comes the noble Duke.
Glo. Good morrow to my soueraigne King and Queene,
And princely Peares, a happy time of day.
King. Happy indeed as we haue spent the day,
Brother we haue done deeds of charity:
Made peace of emnity, faire loue of hate,
Betweene these swelling wrong inscensed Peares.
Glo. A blessed labour most soueraigne Liege,
Amongst this Princely heape, if any here
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,

Hold me a foe, if I vnwitting
Haue thought committed tha
By any in this presence , I de
To reconcile me to his freindl
Tis death to me to be at emn
I hate it and desire all good m
First Maddam I intreat peace c
Which I purchace with my du
Of you my noble cousen *Buck*
If euer any grudge were lod
Of you my Lord *Riuers* , and
That all without desart haue fr
Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentle
I do not know that Englishma
With whom my soule is any i
More then the infant that is bo
I thanke my God for my humi
Qu. A holy day shall this
I would to God all strife were
My soueraigne leige I do bes
To take our brother *Clarence*,
Glo. Why Maddam, haue I
To be thus scornd in this roya
Who knowes not that the no
You doe him iniury to scorne
Ri. Who knowes not he i
Qu. All seeing heauen , w
Buc. Looke I so pale Lord
Dor. I my good Lord and n
But his red colour hath forso
Kin. Is *Clarence* dead ? th
Glo. But He poore soule by
And that a winged Mercury d
Some tardy criple bore the co
That came too lagge to see hir
God graunt that some lesse no
Neerer in bloody thoughts, b
Deserue not worse then wretc
And yet goe currant from su

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22321) LONDON, 1634 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 37